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VOLUME IX PITTSBURGH, PA., OCTOBER 1935 NUMBER 5



ELVIRA AND TIBERIO

BY HIPÓLITO HIDALGO DE CAVIEDES (Spaniard)

Awarded First Prize of \$1,000

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

OCTOBER 17 TO DECEMBER 8

(See Page 131)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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ANDREW AVINOFF RALPH MUNN
MARSHALL BIDWELL HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

VOLUME IX NUMBER 5
OCTOBER 1935

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

—TITUS ANDRONICUS

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The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, LORD TWEEDSMUIR!

The King of England, by a wave of his hand which carries with it the sovereign power of the British Empire, has transformed John Buchan, author of a score of books, into the Baron of Tweedsmuir and Governor-General of Canada. His latest work is a life of Oliver Cromwell, proving, as we look along the shelf containing sixty-five biographies on that subject, that no man may expect to hold a permanent position in the Republic of Letters until he has written a life of the great Puritan. Lord Tweedsmuir is descended from the family of Scott, to which Sir Walter belonged, and his grandmother twenty times back was that famous Muckle-mouthed Meg so delightfully known in Scottish story. When young Wat of Harden came before her father to be judged for cattle raiding, he was offered his freedom if he would marry the homely Meg, to whom no suitor had ever bowed the knee. But after one look at her he chose to be hanged, until Meg showed her kindness of heart by pleading for his life; whereupon he took her to wife. And John Buchan becomes cousin to all those carrying Harden in their names. We are glad to have him now in a closer neighborhood across the Canadian border, and the joy of literature will increase with the expansion of international friendship because he is there.

FOUNDER'S DAY, NOVEMBER 25

The trustees of the Carnegie Institute have appointed Monday, November 25, for the celebration of Founder's Day this year because that date will mark the one hundredth anniversary of Andrew Carnegie's birth.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology will observe the occasion by special exercises in Carnegie Music Hall in the morning, in which their faculty and entire student body will participate, and an address on the philosophy of Mr. Carnegie's life will be delivered by Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, editor of the Richmond (Va.) News-Leader and 1935 winner of the Pulitzer Prize for his biography of Robert E. Lee.

The program for the evening will consist of a gala concert by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Antonio Modarelli, and the music, while entirely classical, has been chosen with special reference to its joyous quality.

Invitations for the evening performance will be sent to a list of citizens representing Pittsburgh in its professional, cultural, commercial, and labor life, and tickets up to the capacity of Carnegie Music Hall will be distributed with the compliments of the trustees.

CAN YOU SPARE A MAGAZINE?

The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE will be grateful to receive from its readers any discarded copies for October 1934—"South of Scranton" in color is on the cover—in order to restore its depleted files.

MANY PUBLICS, MANY PAINTINGS

By HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute



THE 1935 International Exhibition of Paintings in Oil, which has just opened in the Carnegie Institute, is the thirty-third exhibition in the series. While not large as exhibitions go, this International is wide in scope. It is an exhibition of artists, of many lands and beliefs, now living. The paintings in most instances are the artists' latest works. The paintings were chosen because in the consensus of the best opinions obtainable they reflect the various aspects of art of their respective nations.

The International should be judged for what it is, a vehicle that accomplishes for painting what the magazine Time does in its weekly résumé for the world at large. In the International are items of which many will not approve, but which nevertheless others may regard for whatever they consider their worth. We, the organizers of this exhibition, too, do not approve of everything that we present in the International, but we approve of the idea of presenting even that of which we disapprove. We keep as our motto, "All the art news that is fit to print."

Today we live in an age when recurrent depressions and social regenerations are prompting increased idle hours. These idle hours in turn bring an acute need for distraction wherein as never before we require, both individually and collectively, to develop our five senses. This development rarely comes to us naturally, but only as the result of concentration, persistence, and practice. To

play good golf with our hands we must swing a club; to appreciate good wine in our mouth we must roll it under the tongue; to follow good music with our ears we must attend concerts; to relish the perfume of flowers through our nostrils we must putter in our gardens. By the same token, with art exhibitions, to appreciate color and form and pattern through our eyes we must look and look, and continue to look.

Sadly enough, few of us ever do look at anything except traffic lights, a condition not easy to change because the majority of human kind when let alone is notoriously slow to invent new games for itself and becomes mulish when it develops the idea that it is being forced in any path, whether political, economic, or recreational. Only will "the man in the street" purr with delight when he is inveigled. So it is altogether in keeping with the present decade that certain pioneering souls have set about mixing a little guile with a problem or two in a painting to produce an emotional response from the public.

This was an understandable innovation for, as we all know, the public immensely enjoys the successful unraveling of almost any problem. Reflect upon the universal interest in crossword puzzles and the huge sales of mystery stories. Consequently, when a public has presented to it a visual problem it looks upon and considers this problem strenuously, even if largely unconsciously, until its visual sense is developed to such a pitch that the visual sense finally becomes loved for itself alone.

We have just such problems in our annual International in Pittsburgh. Many remember the excitement kicked up "South of Scranton" last year, by the first-prize canvas, painted by young Peter Blume. The result served the



THE SHED IN THE SWAMP
BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD (American)

Awarded Second Prize of \$600

purpose, if nothing else, of teaching the public both to look and to judge, until a section of that public went out of the galleries saying, "Well, I cannot say I like new art, but I do get bored with old art."

Once such a remark falls on the ears of an artistic impresario he realizes it is time to move, only to move slowly. No one at my task thinks for a moment that the best type of exhibition is a place where he may let his public slide into slipslop slumber by way of artistic opiates. Any museum director knows that if the objects in his exhibition are too difficult to provide at the least a mildly comprehensible toy, the public will cross the square to the baseball game. For he always remembers that when the public sees a new form of art which it fails to understand the public resents that art, just as a horse resents a wind-blown newspaper. However, if a portion of that public can sniff and snort and finally discover that the object possesses a reason for existence, esthetic or

otherwise, that the object has both individuality of expression and a modicum of honesty, then that public will approach that object, timidly at first, but ultimately with real liking. This is as it should be. For once the public acquires such an eclectic attitude toward painting and exhibitions of paintings, then that public owns an enduring emotional outlet.

To cater, then, to this beneficial end let us welcome every variety of art exhibition that may be held from Fifty-seventh Street galleries to provincial art museums and back again. These exhibitions should be, and as a matter of fact subconsciously are, divided into at least three types, each of which has its own excellent reason for existence. One species of show gives the widest pleasure to the greatest number of persons. An effort of this sort might be made up of painters like A. K. Lawrence. To the inhabitants of Greenwich Village such an exhibition may be a little lacking in excitement; for the Royal Academy,



DEEP WATER

BY HENRY MATTSON (American)

Awarded Third Prize of \$500

where Lawrence comes from, like Lawrence himself and English weather, is British to the last drop. Another variety of exhibition sets forth only paintings such as those by the German, Karl Hofer, which provide the most intense pleasure to a small group of intelligentsia. We are told that such art has been affected by a reaction against oversmug repetitions of sentimental subjects and stereotyped design. A third sort of exhibition, of which our International is an example, aims at eclecticism and runs the gamut from Colin Gill, the British member of the jury of award, to an American like Boris Deutsch.

We who handle such an exhibition feel that our social order is in the throes of such a period of excitement that we will only increase our temperatures if we fail to let nature take its course. Neither art nor any other effort will develop by censorship. Rather painting will progress by the ripening of character that learns from bumping

its shins on the rocks of experience. In the galleries are plenty of rocks.

The trouble is that the rocks never stay put. We have in our systems the ability to be sentimental, cynical, angry, happy, glad, sad. At various times it has been the fashion to give vent to various of these feelings. For example, in the days of Galileo society sponsored emotions, not ideas. At present society sponsors ideas, not emotions. Now the process of adhering to the faiths of other years we call "clinging to tradition." These days tradition is regarded as a fetish by some and an imposition by others. Tradition is neither. Tradition is a spur to and a chastener of inspiration. But the roots of inspiration are deep in the soil of public opinion which is only rich when fertilized both by what we have learned from our fathers and discovered for ourselves.

Life demands thoughtful reminiscence, found in such work as that which comes from the brush of our old French friend, Henri Eugène Le Sidaner.



STILL LIFE
By ALBERT SAVERYS (Belgian)

Awarded First Honorable Mention with Prize of \$400

Growth, however, is along the frontiers. That is why the jury gave third prize to the Woodstock painter, Henry Mattson. We need both reminiscence and growth.

The American public has learned an extraordinary amount from just these artistic contrasts. Certainly artistic sophistication, which in turn develops an artistic tolerance needed for this bewildering state of affairs, has of late grown to the point where now the public zestfully plunges into this mêlée with an understanding that makes worth while my graying hair. Indeed some of the men and women who pass through the International galleries are admitting a belief in canvases far different from those of former days, paintings wherein the desire for harmony and tonal beauty is other than that which obtained in previous generations. A section of this public, knowingly or not, is concurring with present-day American artists like Henry Lee McFee, who regard a portion of what was done by the men of the nineties as timid and pussyfooting. To such painters uniformity of vision, the subject or the

manner of transcription, is not an immutable law. To McFee or to, let us say, Pierre Bonnard of France, an artist may study the Greeks or Victorians or merely just what the artist and his friends see about them as they see it. These men realize that we belong to the second third of the twentieth century.

A portion of the public, therefore, has decided that it may use its eyes in an increasingly discriminating manner to gaze upon can-

vases like the one by the Brazilian, Candido Portinari, which won an honorable mention, paintings that insist on contrast, put emphasis on bold design, revel in the use of color, and seek a novel interpretation of this novel world. Some of this public believes that art can be dynamic, vital, aggressive, and cohesive. In fact such a public admits that it likes those qualities which reflect itself and not its grandparents. This same public maintains that certain artistic distortions have their place in contemporary art to set forth the distortions of our social life, and that this relationship has always existed.

At the same time the better part of this public is cautious of the kind of art which in redoubling its efforts forgets what it sets out to do. This public balks when distortion becomes obvious for itself alone. A clove of garlic may properly be rubbed on a salad spoon, but is not acceptable when eaten in peanut-like chunks.

Fundamentals remain. If anything in art is to continue, art must be in the main as simple and as understandable as

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a canvas by the Belgian, Anto Carte. Beyond that point, however, generalities are tricky. Not so long ago a discerning critic filled my ears with the plaint that our Middle Western artist, Grant Wood, was not a painter. I am blessed if I know what is a painter, or a painting. Even though for more than a decade I worked for Maude Adams, I failed to discover what was a play. Because Miss Adams with all her experience never arrived at a better definition of a play than that it seemed to her to be a fairy story told by a number of tellers to a group of persons whose willing belief yearned to be entertained child-fashion. Consequently, when it comes to a verbal limitation of what are the component elements in our picture show, I can go no further than to suggest that a painting, let us say, by the New Yorker, Ernest Lawson, is a colored spot on a wall that arouses an emotional response on the part of a section of the public.

To my bewildered mind the person

who wishes a more detailed explanation of the why or wherefore of a picture is in the position of a man in a zoo asking whether an animal is a camel, or an elephant, or merely a graceful young ape on a flying trapeze. All are animals but not all are of equal importance to one another. So, as a cat does not arouse any special excitement in a zebra, all paintings need not be of equal importance to all persons. In a word, we need variegated art in galleries as we need variegated mammals in zoos, if we wish to keep ourselves interested.

Art, to put it very differently, is like Ulysses' bow, waiting only for the master to bend it. Once bent, the master may shoot at whatever he chooses. Naturally he chooses empirically what his "big boss" wants. This "big boss" may belong to the self-styled dilettantes, or to the group that buys a magazine because of the pulchritude of the young lady on its cover.

This variety of tastes did not always exist. In other eras there were single



COFFEE

BY CANDIDO PORTINARI (Brazilian)

Awarded Second Honorable Mention with Prize of \$300

great social orders, each with a unique esthetic stimulus such as religion, which produced in one time and community a pictorial masterpiece such as Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," and in another time and community such a flaming example of architectural glory as Rheims Cathedral. Now, however, from my Pittsburgh office window I see a forty-two-story "Cathedral of Learning" of Gothic antecedents, erected to give young America a practical education; while across the street from it stands the "Mellon Institute of Industrial Research" of Greek design, a home of chemical discovery. The architects of these buildings feel a sympathy with and an understanding of the past. By taking a night train to New York, however, I may gaze at such an edifice as the Rockefeller Center, or drive out past the Bronx County Courthouse, both buildings designed by men who believe that since today we no longer construct in stone, with column and architrave, but by riveting together steel cubes, what we chiefly need is a dignified veneer. Such widely varie-

gated tastes are naturally wholly confusing and yet equally proper in a social order nowadays chasing five or six tails at once in a bewildered desire to find out which is its own. Naturally, then, as in the case of architecture, so in painting many artists make many canvases for many persons with many desires.

Immediately we meet two main categories of pictorial work: those made by painters who paint for subject, and those made by painters who paint for the quality of paint.

Again, almost at the outset our two first categories split once more. For example, the number of breeds of painters who paint for quality of paint is legion. Some such painters are comprehensible enough, like the Italian, Felice Carena. Some, like the Spanish-Frenchman, Pablo Picasso, create what is Greek to many of us. I say Greek, because Plato was the author of a certain dialogue on this subject more than two thousand three hundred years ago.

In "Philebus" Socrates says: "I do not mean by beauty of form such beauty

as that of animals or pictures, which the many would suppose to be my meaning; but . . . understand me to mean straight lines and circles, and the plane or solid figures which are formed out of them by turning lathes and rulers and measurers of angles; for these I affirm to be not only relatively beautiful, like other things, but they are eternally and absolutely beautiful, and they have peculiar pleasures, quite unlike the pleasures of scratching."



SUN AND SEA
By PER DEBERITZ (Norwegian)
Awarded Third Honorable Mention with Prize of \$200

A few painters are genuine in just this belief. Much of the love of this work, however, is bred of the fact that present-day art, like modern education and our whole social structure, places more insistence on individualistic latitude of effort than on discipline. As a result there is now rampant among the young an artistic conceit that disregards that solid technical capability which alone can ultimately justify excursions in personal adventuring. It is so easy to forget these days that creative work moves by means of technique between intuition and intellect. Rembrandt once said that "to learn to paint you take a brush and begin." Most youngsters drop the "learn" out of this philosophy, indifferent to the fact that painting consists of both a visual and a manual act, binding together the many differences in contemporary art into one great similarity, which is that art combines the intuitive search for form, color, composition, subject, with the knowledge and the application of the fundamental principles that accompany these aims and the practical technique of setting them forth.

Now let me turn to my second category, that of the painters who paint for subject. Of the painters of subject there are those who paint dreams and those who paint facts. These dreams may be dreams of visual beauty like those created by the Spaniard, Mariano Andreu, or dreams of spiritual beauty, like those by Ethel Walker of London, or just plain wild imaginings filled with the belief that in painting as in music



AUSTRIAN LANDSCAPE
By SERGIUS PAUSER (Austrian)

Awarded Fourth Honorable Mention with Prize of \$100

we need discords to relish harmony.

Of the painters of facts the painters of fad form my first lesser division. Fad painters may be dressed up in all sorts of costumes. There are painters who paint society pictures, like Jean Gabriel Domergue. There are painters who paint pictures of the slums. These painters love to sleuth up back alleys with their eyes peeled for their prey. They believe that realism is to give sentimentality its quietus.

I would tread a bit lightly hereabouts. Last summer in a little hotel in Castine, Maine, I met up with an old French 1880 woodcut called "Déjà Passe" in which a young man, quite gentle in his whiskers and knickerbockers, was escorting a setter dog and a shotgun across a rustic bridge without turning back to gaze in the gloaming at the sad-eyed village maid who, accompanied by a lady goat, looked wistfully after what youth had brought and left. The scene dripped sentimentality. I do not maintain that this sort of treacle should be especially applauded. But, just the same, some of us are becoming a bit sick of being told that for all the remainder

of our lives the glow of yesterday's romantic sunset must remain permanently chilled by this morning's dawn of disillusionment. The emotional worm will turn and once more lead us into dreamland.

I am not through with my listings, however. Among the painters of fact are painters who paint portraits, like John C. Johansen. These men satisfy a normal desire to have recorded a fortunate relationship that

formed a vivid episode of existence, and to have this record made not only literal in what we call a likeness, but charming in what we call a picture. There are painters who strive to tell a story. The story may be old and complicated, or modern and simple like the one told by the Italian, Gino Severini, who brings us a tale of a small boy taken from his toys to Heaven by a benign latter-day angel. There are painters who paint landscapes, such as the member of our jury of award, John Steuart Curry, outstanding among those who concentrate on the American scene. Fortunately we have on our walls the other leaders of this group if we follow a much read latter-day critic. They are Thomas Benton, Charles Burchfield, Reginald Marsh, and Grant Wood. According to our solon of pen and paint-brush, no one else in the United States counts and no one outside the United States counts when compared with anyone else in the United States. Thank



FLOWERS
By MAURICE DE VLAMINCK (French)

Prize Award of \$300
Given by the Allegheny County Garden Club

goodness it is the critic that does the writing. These painters, like many others—from the Italian, Primo Conti, to the German, Oskar Kokoschka—just paint and paint well, according to their publics, which, in my turn I rise to remark, is the only thing that does count.

Some painters do marines, like the German, Théodore Lux, or the Americans, Frederick J. Waugh and Henry Mattson, the three of them illustrating perfectly how dif-

ferent can be the various interpretations of the sea. Again, artists fancy interiors, like the American, Irving R. Wiles. Other painters mix technical skill with "Pollyanna." More feel the urge for still lifes, like the Belgian, Albert Saverys, who won an honorable mention this year. Some men and women, like Johanna Hailman of our Pittsburgh, enjoy painting flowers, since like her they relish living with flowers. Then there are painters prone to the great open spaces, like the German, Otto Dix. There are painters of sporting pictures, like that lover of horses, Arnold Wiltz, who runs a hacking stable in Woodstock, New York. There are painters who desire to put everything in the world on a canvas; just as grandma used to write down the sides and across the top of her letters until no one could tell where she began or ended.

All such painters paint all these subjects in all sorts of ways.

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Certain painters paint flippantly, like Raoul Dufy. He belongs to the Vanity Fair school of art. Convinced that both life and art are fakes, he remains cheerful about it. Again, painters akin to that amusing Swede, Nils de Dardel, accent the vanities. Dardel believes that a painting is a decoration and not an essay. Opposed to him are such painters as Reginald Marsh, who sets forth an essay on life in the footsteps of Hogarth or Daumier. Marsh really has most in common with a type who occupies the center of the stage these days, the satirical painter, like George Bidde. Men of this ilk are international in their ingrown sense of revolt, expressed in such a high pitch by the canvas attributed to Kukryniksy, which by the way is a composite name formed of the three Russians who painted the picture—Kuprianov, Krylov, and Nikolai Sokolov.

All these angles on life painters express in all kinds of manners.

There are painters who paint what they see in a static manner, as does Antonio Donghi. Other painters yearn for the dynamic manner, such as Alexandre Cingria. Certain painters paint to arouse your excitement, like Salvador Dali. Painters like Arnesby Brown paint to put you to sleep. It is a gentle slumber that our English friend advocates, the slumber lured under apple trees by the hum of Chaucer's bees. A cheerful artist, let us say, like Emile Grau Sala, puts together pure fantasies that give you nothing but an indefinite emotional reaction. Near by also there is the breed of painter that comes to a conclusion without getting anywhere. When I see this species I remember what Gelett Burgess once wrote:

Sounds make the song, not sense.
This I inhibit.

As I have insisted, these many kinds of painters paint for just as many kinds of public.

Hipólito Hidalgo de Caviedes, who won our first prize, paints for young people. Caviedes belongs to the smart

set in Madrid. Dame Laura Knight paints for more settled folk in London. Lucy Campbell-Taylor gratifies another English desire for well-remembered symbols. Jonas Lie, president of the National Academy and member of our jury of award, paints for conservatives in our land. It was largely due to Lie and Mayor La Guardia that the municipal show given in New York two years ago brought together all the warring artistic civic elements, a movement in which we here naturally took interest, convinced that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Lie too, as the head of our most academic organization, went below Fourteenth Street to invite the opposition into the Fifty-seventh Street fold, even to the point of including our last year's prize winner, Peter Blume.

Quite at variance with the beliefs of Lie and the premise of my two English-women are those who paint for the group that resents anything over five years old and prattle of the latest efforts. We may always find this public, male and female, indulging in mutual admiration, at least, on the sofas of literary cocktail parties. Their painters are akin to the men who paint for the proletariat. Many of this genus talk as much as they mix pigments. They are exceedingly fond of themselves alone.

Naturally, each land represented in this exhibition is prone to concentrate on one of the particular ramifications of painting of which I have been talking. Russia likes painting that agrees with its government in the words of Will Rogers, who said that Communism was one-third practice and two-thirds explanation. France admires painting mostly for the sake of painting, the type of work done by Maurice de Vlaminck, who won the prize given by the Allegheny County Garden Club this year. England likes painting because of the subject. It is rare that a story-telling painter is found in any land except Great Britain which applauds such a man as Robin Guthrie.



THE 1935 JURY OF AWARD

Standing, left to right: Colin Gill, John Steuart Curry, and Homer Saint-Gaudens
 Seated: Jonas Lie, Henrik Lund, Isidore Opsomer, and Alexander Brook

All this is as it should be; only through all the forms of art have faith in one fact—contemporary art, such art as is shown by Charles Burchfield, who won our second prize, is operating normally to find its rightful place, not as something apart, but as an essential and vital element in our lives. Moreover, as we look at these many forms of pictorial expression let us remember that Emerson once said that "we should regard the years in the light of the centuries." For this remark may provide consolation to those of us elderly folk who become moody when our sober hitching posts are torn down to be replaced by violently colored gasoline towers. Those of us who have gray hair or no hair at all agree that we should have freshness in thought and subject. We would also like to witness some attempt to make a bow to tradition as does the Scotchman, Sir D. Y. Cameron. However, while it is a perennially sad world for such as we, it is everlastingly intriguing for our chil-

dren. No one agrees with his parents. I did not agree with mine. Fortunately though, electricity can be produced by rubbing a glass rod with a silk cloth. I am not quite sure whether the parents are the rod or the cloth. It makes no odds. It is the rubbing that counts, and it is just this sort of rub that we in the Department of Fine Arts seek to give to contemporary art.

We should have patience. The principle of the swing of the pendulum of taste remains everlasting, though the length of the pendulum and the pace of the swing may vary. We forget that while for the last fifty years we have welcomed novelty in science, we have eschewed novelty in art. Yet in other days painting, like architecture, was always changing. Consequently the very best of the younger painters, like Alexander Brook, who served on our jury of award, in their quest for innovations have not abandoned former customs in the light of the centuries. They have simply reverted to the old-time

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notions of seeking the new at the moment when the paths for such seeking are more numerous and well defined than ever before.

So we come to our perennial question as to what ought to be done about it by all concerned; by the Carnegie Institute that sets forth the International, by the artists themselves, by the art critics, by the purchasers of pictures, and by the public which is responsible for the action of the other classes.

Let us think first of the Institute, now trying to provide in one organization the artistic pabulum that in a huge city like New York must be sought in many assorted places. Any given Gothamite is foot-loose and fancy-free to pursue up and down Fifth Avenue the breed of art which he likes, be it the kind that makes him tremble all over, or the kind that he adores for prettiness. In the quest, however, nine times out of ten this layman will ignore everything distasteful to himself, with the result that such a person promptly believes that his type of painting is the only one in existence. Therefore we have an advantage on New York because of the fact that since we hang all varieties of painting to satisfy all artistic faiths, our visitor may see not only types he does like, but must see types he does not like; and the lesson involved in this promenade before pictures both acceptable and anathema forces him to realize that there are points of view other than his own; all of which is good for his soul.

As to what the painters, who are next on my categorical list, should do about it I would have artists' wives embroider on large samplers the old adage—"Mere art perverts taste; just as mere theology depraves religion," and hang these samplers on all the studio walls. It might make painters realize that the public is not interested in the inner workings of artists' supersensitive eccentricities, but in the emotional quality of a result purchased for money. It profits the painters not at all to arrange paint in a manner born of disillusion-

ment at the failure of some uncorrelated phase of social idealism. Artists never upset the philosophy of the social order, or change the destinies of nations, after the fashion of Rouget de Lisle when he wrote the "Marseillaise," or Patrick Henry when he asked for liberty or death. Artists simply decorate spots on a wall. First and foremost the artist then should realize that he is nothing but a craftsman selling wares. Once he gets that idea in his head, the whole situation will assume a more rosy hue.

For the critic, I would suggest that he thoroughly debunk himself. Let him stop writing about his own ego and start writing about the pictures before him for the public around him. Let him express himself in words of one syllable which neither gild the lily nor split hairs.

For the purchaser, let him insist on what he wants. Perhaps it may be by the Swede, Olof Agren, or by the Spaniard, Valentin de Zubiaurre. Yet whatever type of painting the purchaser may choose he should always be careful to realize that most art is an acquired taste and that it is an open sesame to the pit of esthetic destruction to speak the price of a thing without knowing the value of a thing.

For the public, I suggest that it make haste slowly; that it become sure that it knows it is eye-conscious before it thinks it is art-conscious. In other words, the public should use its ears less and its eyes more to study the difference between opinion and knowledge. There has been too much listening in the picture game from just this minute, clean back into the golden twilight of the classic age.

Through it all the public should remember that painting holds a distinct, if largely ephemeral, place in our social scheme. Naturally most contemporary painting will be unimportant fifty years from now. But the same statement can be made of the theater, or of scarfs; yet we do go to the movies, we do wrap scarfs around our necks. A contem-

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porary novel, like "Babbitt," is not permanent. The beauty of autumn flowers is not permanent. However, in the words of a play that is not permanent, "Declasse," which was performed by Ethel Barrymore, who is not permanent, "It is all there is; there isn't any more."

So let us exercise our imaginations on many transient paintings, and maybe an occasional permanent one. Let us adorn at least a portion of our lives with the transient. Let us realize that adornment in painting may deal with all forms of human emotion and consequently be more than simply what we are prone to call "pretty." Since we decorate not only birthday cakes but tombstones, there is a place for the "pretty picture," and there is also a place for a canvas that gives us a little salutary agony. Let us wander down art galleries until we find the painting by a man in whom we really believe, according to our lights, a man who will turn our minds from the dust and clatter about us. Whomever we may choose, once we have chosen him, let us be unfretful as to whether Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown enjoys being satiated by the saccharine covers of drug-store magazines or being pleased with the counter-irritation of topsy-turvy bedlam.

Art is but a reflection of the onlooker which possesses as much or as little genuineness as he brings to it. Advanced and academic art are not terms which mean the growth or restraint of inherent eccentricities. These catchwords describe the conditions various forms of art are striving to reflect. When conditions become excited, art develops into a violently variegated cluster of emotions. When conditions calm off, art presents us with a living reminder of the Court of St. James. The residuum of obvious wildness in the advanced or of puerile drivé in the academic varies scarcely at all through the ages. What we are faced with is the need of finding the substantial base of our social conditions. If we attempt to alter our artistic reflections without rearranging

the objects reflected, we lose the honesty so necessary to the healthy, normal roots of art.

I would like to have hung above the paintings in the International galleries the words of that French critic who declared: "There are as many forms of esthetics as there are original minds."

FREE LECTURES

(ILLUSTRATED)

FINE ARTS

OCTOBER

- 27—"An Appreciation of the International," by Elmer A. Stephan, Director of Art, Pittsburgh Public Schools. 2:30 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

- 28—"The International," by Royal Cortissoz, Art Critic of the New York Herald Tribune. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.

NOVEMBER

- 3—"The A. B. C. of Pictorial Design," by Alfred G. Pelikan, Director of the Milwaukee Art Institute. 2:30 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

- 4—"Explaining the International," by Dorothy Adlow, Nationally Known Art Critic. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.

- 10—"How the Modern Painters Develop Their Ideas," by Dudley Crafts Watson, Extension Lecturer, Chicago Institute of Art. 2:30 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

- 11—"My Favorite Pictures in the Show," by Mr. Watson. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.

- 18—Subject to be announced, by Ralph M. Pearson, Artist and Lecturer, New School for Social Research. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.

MUSEUM

2:15 P.M. LECTURE HALL

- 17—"Travels in the Far East," by Harry C. Ostrander, Explorer and Scientist.

- 24—"The Ancient Kingdom of the Moors," by Captain Carl von Hoffman, Traveler and Lecturer.

DECEMBER

- 1—"The Camp of 'Brings-down-the-Sun,'" by Walter McClintock, Research Fellow of the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

BOTANIZING IN THE UNTA BASIN

A Study of the Plant Life in the Stamping Grounds of the Dinosaurs

BY EDWARD H. GRAHAM

Assistant Curator of Botany, Carnegie Museum



In spite of standardized American living there are still a few places off the beaten trails in the United States where life follows a different pattern, travel is not easy, and the tourist in his haste does not tarry. Such is the Uinta Basin in northeastern Utah and northwestern Colorado, an area one third the size of Pennsylvania. In all this land a locomotive whistle is never heard and the droning whirr of planes is absent; for the airlines, like the railroads, swing south or north of this comparatively isolated region. While America's Fathers were signing the Declaration of Independence, Spanish priests led by Father Escalante were making a vain and lonely effort to reach Monterey by a northern route overland from Santa Fé, and in so doing were the first white men to penetrate the Uinta Basin. After many years the fur trappers from Fort Bridger came, and some fifty years ago the first resourceful settlers arrived. Even the courageous Mormons had early avoided the Basin, traveling to the north of the Uinta Mountains and reaching Great Salt Lake by way of the southern Wyoming plateau. Today only one highway crosses the Basin, and motor buses furnish the only access to the area. The jangle of spurs, the clomp of high-heeled riding boots, and the clatter of horses' hoofs are still common sounds, even in the settlements.

It was in this area that bones of those long-extinct reptilian giants, the dino-

saur, were found. Many seasons of field work at the quarry, which subsequently became the Dinosaur National Monument, brought to the Carnegie Museum not only the world's largest collection of dinosaurs of the upper Jurassic age but many other paleontological treasures as well. Yet, although wagon trains and trucks have hauled many loads of valuable bones from the region, other phases of the natural history of the area remain untapped, and today the Uinta Basin, together with the remainder of eastern Utah, persists biologically as one of the least-known sections of America. Challenged by this fact and already interested in the area through our knowledge of the paleontological work done there by the Museum, Mrs. Graham and I began our plant collecting and botanical field studies in the Basin in 1931. We continued our work in 1933, and during the past summer we completed our third season in the field.

The Uinta Basin is so named because it is a great natural depression lying south of the Uinta Mountains, the only major range stretching in an east-west direction in the New World. This depression rises in the south to form the Book Cliff Mountains, and is likewise encircled, on its eastern and western ends, which are 150 miles apart, by relatively high, mountainous country. The interior of the Basin is high-altitude desert, encompassing much wild country in which few settlements and small towns exist. A small fraction of the area is farmed and yields only scant crops through irrigation with water precisely allotted from small streams draining the encircling mountains and from the Green River, chief tributary of the Colorado, which bisects the Basin



TREE LINE, GLACIAL LAKE, AND SNOW-STREAKED UNTAS

in its relentless, canyonaded journey from Wyoming to the south.

Utah claims that its best crop is its babies. With this exception the principal products in the Uinta Basin are sheep and cattle. The cowboy with his lariat and chaps and the sheep herder with his dog and canvas-covered wagon dominate the scene, with sour-dough biscuits, salt pork, candlelight, and the pack horse contributing homespun touches. The region is one of the last stands of the fast-disappearing Western pioneer, who can now be found only in such isolated and inaccessible areas. There has been some mining of gilsonite, a coallike mineral which runs in vertical black seams across the desert, and a rock asphalt is dug from the hills and used for paving stretches of the highway. Oil shales occur in the southern part of the Basin in such quantities that the United States Navy has extensive reserves of them. The native Ute Indians live on large reservations. Their bright costumes, although somewhat modified by the white man's influence, still suggest their picturesque past. Their attitude toward the white interloper is very friendly, and when we were sadly stuck in the mud during the cold wet snows of early spring, obliging Indians always turned up from nowhere to lend a hand.

To the botanist the Uinta Basin offers

a distinct unit with interesting puzzles in plant geography and a region richly varied in life zones and plant communities. Our explorations carried us from the Basin's lowermost altitudes to the summits of its loftiest mountains. The low, central part contains highly colorful, almost lifeless bad lands surrounded by many types of shrubby desert. The character of these alkali lowlands is revealed in

the names of the drainage ways—Bad Land Creek, Dry Fork and Dry Gulch, Salt Wash, Bitter Creek, and Stinking Creek. Along the Green River we collected in the shadows of great canyoned walls through which the ever muddy current roars in foaming rapids, seldom successfully traversed since Major Powell, father of the United States Geological Survey, made his first scientific journey through them in 1869. In 1825 General William Ashley, heading a party of fur trappers, had been the first white man to enter the Basin by way of Green River, satisfactorily navigating the then mysterious gorges.

Above the river and desert we entered the pygmy forest of Utah junipers and pinyon pines—scattered bushy evergreens not twelve feet high. The gnarled and twisted trunks and limbs of these dwarf trees make distorted fence posts and serve as the fuel supply for the people of the valley settlements. The cottonwoods along the river-flood plains are the only other trees in the lower reaches of the Basin, and although they are larger than the evergreens, their wood is softer and less desirable.

Throughout the desert we saw the indelible signs of prehistoric Indian habitation. In some of the deeper canyons, high on rocky ledges, are cliff dwellings and masonry caches still unmolested and as safely perched as are

the juglike pottery nests the cliff swallows build beside them. At other points great natural caves have revealed, in the dust of their floors, buried skeletons, baskets, and pottery. On the smooth faces of the stream-cut White Cliff sandstone, once blown by the wind into high dunes that were later turned to rock, and hinting of sand storms far more severe than those recent ones in our Middle West, are the petroglyphs—chiseled stories and signatures by Indian artists.

Climbing above the pygmy forest we passed through the chaparral zone of sagebrush, service berry, snowberry, and similar low shrubs—a kind of transition belt between the drier desert zone below and the moist, wooded forest areas above. Beyond the chaparral we reached the first of these upper zones, marked by groves of graceful white-barked aspens, where in early summer there blooms the showiest of the Basin's floral displays. It is then that one sees there large-flowered blue and white columbines, the pale blue iris, fragrant wild roses, stout deep blue penstemons, delicate pendant bluebells, tall green gentians, and many others—the only plant belt in the Basin at all suggestive of the familiar wooded hills of Western Pennsylvania.

In the Uinta Mountains still higher plant zones flourish, and by horseback and pack outfit we pushed upward through somber forests of lodgepole pine into Engelmann spruce and alpine fir. Here deer, bears, wild cats, elk, mountain lions, a few remaining mountain sheep, and an occasional stray timber wolf replace prairie dogs, badgers, porcupines, and coyotes of the lower zones. These upper forests are dotted with myriad glacial lakes, some rock-basinized and devoid of visible life, others



TREACHEROUS BAD LANDS SPLASHED WITH COLOR

much older and filling with sedges and yellow pond lilies. Some of them have become completely clogged and now a quaking meadow or grass-filled park identifies their former locations. The upper limit of the spruces marks the tree line. Here a species which was a tree in a more favorable environment below becomes a low twisted, knotted, and wind-pruned straggler. Above these prostrate cripples there are only a few tiny plants, some of them arctic visitors from northern tundras which, in migrating south, have used mountain crests as stepping stones. These hardy outliers are scattered among lichen-splashed rocks, countless millions of broken pieces of red quartzite, the rounded backbone of the Uinta range, more than thirteen thousand feet above the sea and nine thousand feet above the desert floor below. The names of the major peaks of the Uintas appropriately commemorate American geologists—King, Marsh, Leidy, Hayden, Gilbert, Emmons, and Agassiz.

Although actually the center of the Basin is a high plateau more than four thousand feet above the sea, the summer temperatures there nevertheless rise to 105° while the winter months plunge the thermometer to 40° below zero. In the central desert areas the rainfall is seldom more than thirteen inches annually, which is less than one third the



COWBOY AND HIS HAND-MADE BEAR TRAP

. . . a masterpiece of that pioneer resourcefulness and workmanship everywhere evident in the implements and equipment of the Western ranch.

rain received at Pittsburgh. Storms may form quickly during the summer and then one watches the sky carefully, never venturing up a narrow canyon when the clouds threaten; for careless persons have often been trapped by an unexpected rush of water in some rock-walled canyon from which there was no escape. Snow falls everywhere in the Basin, lingering throughout the year in the mountains where it prohibits travel except during two or three of the midsummer months.

Much of the country cannot be reached by automobile. Such driving as we did was over roads well-nigh impassable, often only wagon tracks through the desert or faint sheep roads through the mountains—rocky, sandy, sticky, cut and ditched by cross washes in some places and steep and “sidling” in others. At many points we traveled by horseback, mule pack, and hiking. In the last analysis hiking will always

remain the most thorough way to explore any terrain.

Many of the ranches are far from a doctor's office or a grocery store. Here inventiveness and self-sufficiency are practical facts, and many a current economist could glean workable, first-hand data for his social curatives—the subsistence homestead and the island sanctuary. One large and prosperous ranch situated at the mouth of a canyon on the Green River is completely equipped with farm machinery and household goods packed in on muleback from a point forty-four miles away over rocky river trail. Wagon parts, heavy rolls of wire-fencing, hayrakes and farm implements, tools for a complete blacksmith and repair shop, beds, huge kitchen ranges, and everything else necessary for a working ranch and farm were thus primitively hauled to the place of action; and all the marketable produce is packed out in the same laborious way. Typical ranch meals included green corn, fresh apricots with cream, and many other delicious products. There true Western hospitality still lingers, for the automobile and the invading tourist have not come to stifle it.

Such rugged independence has been



PETROGLYPHS BY PREHISTORIC INDIANS

. . . chipped with some crude tools upon the vertical wall of a rock cliff and partly tinted with primitive paints which still hold fast their colors.

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gained at a high price, however. In areas not under the United States Forest Service, particularly in the central and southern portions, there is widespread soil erosion. In a land where the



COLUMBINES AND LUPINES OF UTAH

. . . conspicuous in early summer throughout the flower-filled aspen woodland forming the lowest of the forested mountain plant zones.

original balance between rainfall, vegetation, and surface run-off of water was at best critically adjusted, the plant cover and stability of the soil has been pitifully damaged by uncontrolled overgrazing of cattle, sheep, and roaming bands of wild horses. Narrow streams which twenty years ago flowed in grass-bordered beds are today creeks often forty feet wide cutting through steep-sided, barren gullies equally deep. This vital grazing problem is at present under Government control. Administered by the ranchmen themselves under Federal direction, its enforcement may end the hereditary enmity, always bitter and sometimes fatal, between cattlemen and sheepmen who have battled for the use of the range. Yet in this activity too, the doom of the Western pioneer is again foreshadowed; for even in the Uinta Basin he must now admit the presence of others and share its natural resources.

It was in such wild country, so far removed in atmosphere from the con-

ventional aspects of modern America, that our collections were made. The resinous pines and the pungent sagebrush we shall long remember. We are trying to forget our dread of the chocolate-colored wood ticks, carriers of the deadly Rocky Mountain tick fever, also known as spotted fever, which fastened themselves to our skins —luckily without infecting us.

Subsequent studies based on our three-seasons' work may bring answers to many botanical questions yet unsolved. What plant species occur in the Uinta Basin? How are they distributed into altitudinal vegetation zones? How arranged into plant communities? To what floristic regions of North America is the Uinta flora related? Whence and by what means and routes did these plants cross the mountain barriers to reach the Basin? In addition to seeking these answers, the botanical exploration of the Basin has brought to the Carnegie Museum Herbarium the most complete and only thorough plant collection from the area, including many range extension records and several species new to science.

YOUNG VISITORS

SHORTLY after the public schools reconvene, the daily classes for school children at the Carnegie Institute are resumed. The opening class was held on September 9, and from that date until the end of the month, more than seventeen hundred boys and girls from the eighth grades of nineteen different schools received prescribed instruction in fine arts appreciation and natural history study.

The educational staffs of the Institute are available by appointment every day in the week for groups of all ages wishing to study specific collections and subjects, including the current International, or to become familiar in a more general way with the vast resources of knowledge and culture at the free command of the public.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



THE Gardener continues to make his unbroken reports of rich fruit coming to harvest through the thought of generous hearts.

For the past nine years the National Association of Master Plumbers has been encouraging young men to study plumbing, heating, and ventilating at the Carnegie Institute of Technology by offering them substantial financial aid toward their education. In this short period scholarships amounting to \$600 a year for each student have now reached the impressive total of \$34,050, of which \$2,400 has not heretofore been noted in our Magazine records.

It is heartening to observe how one good seed begets another in a Garden of Gold. The national group of plumbers first began its scholarship grants for this course in the Department of Mechanical Engineering in the College of Engineering the year after the Theodore Ahrens Professorship in Plumbing, Heating, and Ventilating was established in 1925. This professorship, toward which \$40,000 has already been given, was created when Mr. Ahrens was president of the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company and is now supported in part by the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Corporation. In introducing such a course, Carnegie Tech brought forward an idea that no other engineering school has ever undertaken. The faith that these scholarships and the Theodore Ahrens professorship represent has given an impetus of inestimable value to its success.

In 1928 the alumni of the Carnegie Library School during the presidency of Miss Elva S. Smith sought to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the school. The result was the establishment of the Carnegie Library School Anniversary Fellowship Fund, with the sum of \$10,000 set as the ultimate goal. With the an-

nouncement of the plan came \$1,000 and not long after followed a second thousand. Recently the present treasurer of the organization, Miss Glenn K. Myers, has transmitted an additional \$2,000, here acknowledged as new funds.

This \$2,000 can now be credited to the Carnegie Institute endowment, and its receipt permits us to make an agreeable statement to our readers. The Carnegie Corporation proposed to give the Carnegie Institute \$200,000 on July 1, 1936, for endowment if its friends would subscribe a like sum for that purpose; and furthermore they agreed to duplicate dollar for dollar the contributions toward the Patrons Art Fund up to \$150,000, making a promised gift of \$350,000 for endowment, to which we were to add our \$200,000. In our June report in this department we were \$19,825 short of achieving our share of this endowment. But the gift from our Carnegie Library School friends, together with \$1,000 from an anonymous donor acknowledged in the September Magazine, reduces this shortage to \$16,825. After all that, we find certain profits from the exchange of securities, and interest earned, which make a further reduction of \$8,527.44, leaving us only \$8,297.56 yet to be obtained before we reach our goal on the Institute side of this obligation. In other words, if our friends will now send us this sum of \$8,297.56, we shall thereby become the possessors of \$550,000 of new endowment. How long will it be before this small shortage will be overcome? Can we have it before Christmas?

These two gifts—one for the Institute and one for the Institute of Technology—amounting to \$4,400, when added to the \$1,746,186.71 previously reported in the Magazine, bring these contributions to date to \$1,750,586.71, or more than three fourths of the way toward the second million.

OUR NEW TRUSTEES



THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER



IRVIN F. LEHMAN

THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER, whose appointment to the position of President Emeritus of the Carnegie Institute of Technology was announced in the September *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*, was elected a member of the board of trustees on October 14. Dr. Baker's professional career is so familiar to the people of Pittsburgh that it needs no restatement here. He will be welcomed into the counsels of the board because of the great value of his experience in educational affairs and knowledge of the accepted methods of administration.

Irvin F. Lehman was elected a trustee of the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology on October 14. After receiving his education in the schools of Pittsburgh, Mr. Lehman became associated with the Blaw-Knox Company and has risen with the growth of that enterprise until he is now its president. He has always been actively interested in charitable and philanthropic work and has given abundantly of his time as a director of the

Pittsburgh Community Fund and at present is a director of the Pennsylvania Public Charities and of the Pittsburgh Housing Association. He is one of the founders of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and is a leader in all those civic movements which ameliorate the social conditions of this community.

In business he is regarded as a pillar in Pittsburgh's industrial life, is a director of the Keystone National Bank, and a counselor in all affairs of financial and commercial importance. He has always shown a keen interest in the activities of the Carnegie Institute and has taken a friendly part in aiding the ambitions of students at Carnegie Tech.

Mr. Lehman is at present completing a tour of the Blaw-Knox plants in England, France, Italy, and Germany, where the best American methods of manufacture and distribution have been established; and he is expected to return to Pittsburgh by the time that this number of the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* is in the hands of its readers.

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THE INTERNATIONAL
ON THE AIR

For the first time in the history of the Carnegie International Exhibition of Paintings, and probably for the first time in the history of any major art show, the initial announcement of the International prize awards was made known to the world over the radio.

Although the broadcast was initiated at Station KDKA in Pittsburgh, speakers were also heard from Washington and New York. The broadcast, with some sixty-two stations participating, was carried over the National Broadcasting Company network and was most successfully directed by Francis C. Healey, who is a member of its staff. The program was relayed into the galleries of the Carnegie Institute, where more than thirty-seven hundred guests had assembled for the preview, traditionally known as "Press Night."

The first speaker on the program was Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of Fine Arts, who gave an interpretation of the purpose and aims of the International. Samuel Harden Church, President of the Carnegie Institute, announcing the eight awards, reminded his hearers of the ideals for universal understanding and good-will among all men which prompted Andrew Carnegie to create and provide for this great International. He said also that the celebration of the annual Founder's Day had been fixed for November 25 to coincide with the date marking the hundredth anniversary of Mr. Carnegie's birthday.

At this point the broadcast was transferred to Washington, where the ambassador from the Republic of Spain, Señor Don Luis Calderón, acknowledged the honor bestowed upon his countryman, Hipólito Hidalgo de Caviedes of Madrid, winner of the first prize.

Charles Burchfield, of Gardenville, New York, who received the second prize, then discussed informally how he came to paint his prize picture "The Shed in the Swamp," and was followed

by Henry Mattson, of Woodstock, New York, to whom the third prize had been awarded. The next speaker was Mrs. Juliana R. Force, director of the Whitney Museum of American Art. Mrs. Force, Mr. Burchfield, and Mr. Mattson, all of whom were in Pittsburgh expressly for the opening, spoke from KDKA. Colin Gill, of London, England, a member of the jury of award for the 1935 International, speaking from New York, presented the point of view of the art judge and brought the program to its conclusion.

On the afternoon of the opening of the exhibition there was a novel broadcast which came directly from the galleries of the Carnegie Institute through the courtesy of KDKA. The program was again directed by Mr. Healey and was in the nature of a "Vox Pop"—a new and amusing method of obtaining a cross section of divergent spur-of-the-moment opinions on a given subject. In all, about twenty persons, many of them chosen at random as they viewed the pictures, took part in the program.

Among those participating were the Honorable William N. McNair, Mayor of the City of Pittsburgh; C. Valentine Kirby, director of art in the department of public instruction of Pennsylvania; Guillaume Lerolle, European representative of the Department of Fine Arts; and Alexander J. Kostellow, one of the six Pittsburgh artists who is represented in the current exhibition and winner of an honorable mention in the show last year.

Included among the others who gave extemporaneous interviews were several boys and girls enrolled in the Frick School.

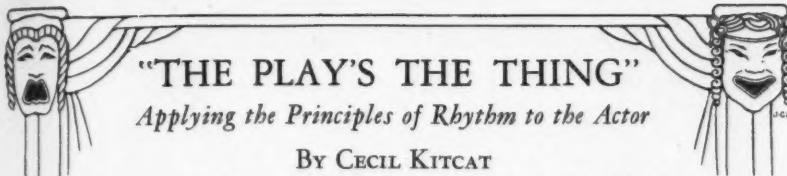
PLEASING GOD

Power to render service to the Unknown is not given us, except by serving those of His creatures here with us in our own day and generation.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

To seek friendship is commendable; to find it is fortunate; but to be in need of it is weakness.

—GEORGE EASTMAN



"THE PLAY'S THE THING" *Applying the Principles of Rhythm to the Actor*

By CECIL KITCAT

Instructor in Dalcroze Eurhythmics, Carnegie Little Theater



EURHYTHMICS is a word denoting something of which the average person, even the average well-educated and cultured person, has but the vaguest idea. Which is a pity because there is nothing in the

least vague about the subject.

If we omit the Greek prefix "eu," meaning "good" or "beautiful," which I could dispense with altogether, we find the French calling it simply "la rhythmique." Then take away the last three letters and we have all that matters in eurhythmics—rhythm.

Eurhythmics is the study of rhythm. Rhythm is movement. But it is movement having special characteristics, and these are order, balance, and economy; without them movement is not rhythmic. All ordered movement which has a definite purpose—and by "ordered" I do not mean measured or regular, rhythm can be very irregular and is utterly free to suit its purpose, the fact that it can be measured is not of the first importance—and moves in due proportions toward that purpose, to the exclusion of all that is not necessary, may be called rhythmic. So we find rhythm in the movement of a game of golf or tennis, in the movement of tones which form a musical composition, in the sequence of movements that go to make a dance, in the passage from scene to scene of a play.

I said that we find rhythm in these manifestations of movement; it would

have been more correct to say "we should find," because the trouble is that too often in their performance there is such a lack of those particular qualities which constitute rhythm.

At the beginning of the century Emile Jacques-Dalcroze, a Swiss musician, noted with consternation how insensitive to the laws of rhythm were the majority of his music students, how uncontrolled and uncoordinated the nervous and muscular systems in their effect one upon the other—the purely muscular movements of the throat, hand, and arm being hampered by nervous tension, or a sensitive reaction of nerves and will brought to an imperfect realization through poor muscular control. To remedy this, he began to teach the students to move with their whole bodies and to experience rhythm in their entire system, and to show by means of every kind and variety of movement all the elements of rhythm: tempo, accentuation, dynamics, in all manner of combinations.

Thus was born an education in rhythm through the experience of rhythm, which is the Dalcroze system of eurhythmics.

Dalcroze found, however, that his experiences led further than he had at first imagined. Movement of the body entails movement in space, and movements of the body in space belong essentially to the art of the actor and the dancer and also to the architect. Thus education in rhythm belongs not only to the musician but to all. The conclusion then is that if the laws of rhythm are the laws of art, then the principles of eurhythmics can be directly applied to any one of the arts. Instances of this application in the Car-

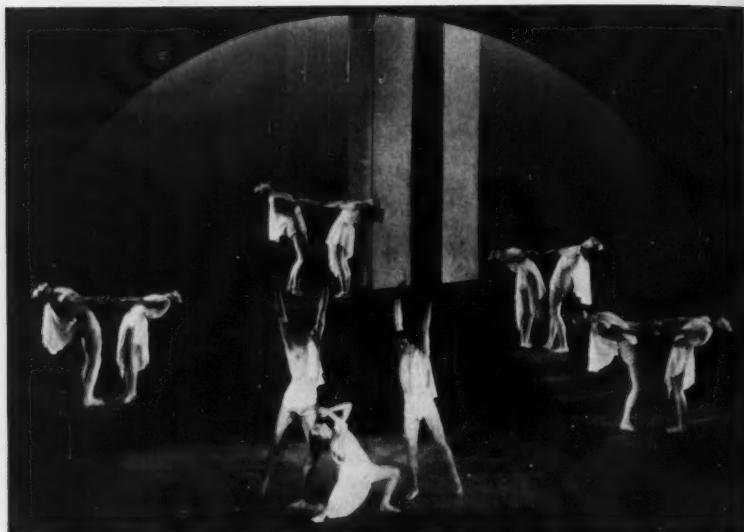


TABLEAU FROM "CHROMATIC FANTASY"—RED

The student preparing for the stage at Carnegie is not seeking to be a dancer. His knowledge of curhythmics is merely an accessory by which that grace and poise so essential to the finished actor are acquired. Yet so inspirational has Miss Kitcat made her classes that the entire action of two Little Theater productions has been derived from her teaching. Here was the creative mind behind the choreography of the ballets "Persephone" and of "Chromatic Fantasy."

negie Little Theater have been the group movement and choral speaking of the choruses in the Greek plays of the last two years, and even more completely in the ballets "Persephone" and "Chromatic Fantasy," in which the settings, dances, and staging were all the outcome of these same laws of rhythm.

It is significant that one of the first people who recognized the full importance of the work of Jacques-Dalcroze was Adolphe Appia, the famous scene designer and pioneer of modern stagecraft. The two artists always had an intense admiration for each other and collaborated on several occasions, one of the most famous of their productions being that of Gluck's "Orpheus" in Hellerau, near Dresden, in 1913, which aroused the greatest interest and is still spoken of in Europe.

The use of space is a very important factor in the technique of the actor or the dancer. Both have constantly to

adapt themselves to different kinds of space, and must always be at ease in whatever amount of space happens to be at their disposal, however large or small. They should therefore be trained to become aware of space. Rhythmic work with drama students demands a great number of exercises having exactly this aim. Students must become sensitive to the directions in which they move: whether forwards—which of course is the most obvious—backwards, sideways, or in a diagonal. All movement is in a straight line or a curve, or combinations of these. Thus movement in space becomes a series of patterns or designs based on direction, and every entry, every stage crossing, every exit can be considered part of a space pattern as in a dance. I am convinced that if students would consider their movement on stage from this point of view, we should have less impression of awkwardness than so often occurs.



TABLEAU FROM "CHROMATIC FANTASY"—PURPLE

Those who saw this ballet last spring interpreted by Carnegie drama and music students will read the accompanying article with particular delight, for the memory of it will serve to illustrate in concrete form the theory which Miss Kirtcat, who has studied under Jacques-Dalcroze in Geneva, has so ably presented for us here. She has reduced a very complex idea to a very simple statement—an accomplishment derived from an ingrained understanding of the subject.

Movement on stage is always for a definite purpose; if an actor crosses the stage in any direction it must have a reason, perhaps it is better to say his movement must have a reason, since we move in order to go somewhere and when we reach that spot there lies the climax or goal of our movement. Rhythm in space is the movement that bridges the distance between the starting point and the arrival point wherever that may be, and the arrival is the climax of that particular movement. Rhythm in time, as in speech and music, is the passage of words or notes from one accent or climax to another. These smaller climaxes and accents group themselves into phrases, the phrases into larger periods, and the periods into the whole form, whether the form resolves itself into a play, a symphony, a poem, or a dance. By learning always to move toward an accent, the student gradually learns to build toward the

greater climaxes which are the culminating point of a whole composition.

Another essential aspect of movement for the potential actor is group movement. An actor is rarely on stage entirely alone; if he is not part of a group he is in opposition or contrast to a group, and the relationship must be clearly established. He must acquire what we call "group feeling," which can be attained only by way of experience—it is a sense of feeling instinctively where he belongs in a group, what pose or gesture to assume, how to react in relationship to his fellows while still preserving his own identity.

In the rhythmic classes a great deal of group work is learned through the application of fundamental laws of contrast and opposition in movement and posture. The individuals in the group should form a contrast with each other in variety, height, depth, width, or narrowness of action and gesture; two

groups may work in opposition to each other; a group and a soloist will balance each other, or the soloist will direct or lead the group.

I might say here that a great deal of improvisation is done in the classes, always of course with a given idea in mind—there is nothing worse than aimless improvisation!—and in accord with the basic principles of design and balance, at the same time respecting the right of each student to develop in his own way his own ideas and to find his independent method of using his body and maneuvering it in space. This is no little aid to the development and expression of personality.

The art of the actor demands that he

project a certain idea with his whole body—mere facial expression is lost in a large theater to those in the audience who sit much farther back than the tenth row of the orchestra stalls, but the whole body and its expression are clear-cut from the farthest point from the stage. Hence a sensitive, responsive body is an acquirement of the greatest necessity to an actor, coupled with an all-round technique which will make his body strong, supple, and elastic, so that ordered and controlled by rhythm, attuned to every shading of tempo and dynamics, his imagination stimulated and active, he may possess a worthy instrument with which to produce the effect he desires.

THE ROBBER CRAB GROUP

Tree-Climbing Crustaceans Found Only in the South Seas

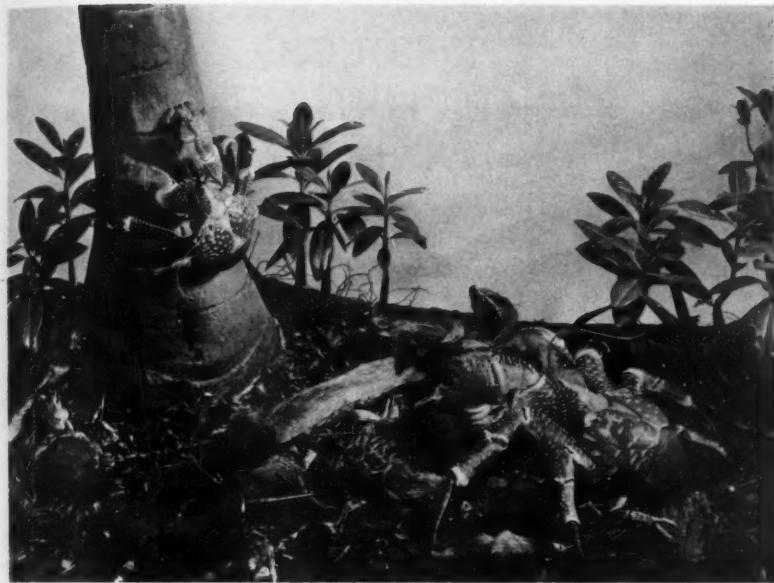
WHEN the yacht "Vagabondia" owned by William Larimer Mellon returned to American waters in June from a South Seas cruise, it contained in its varied cargo two beautiful specimens of the robber crab—*Birgus latro*—which were presented to the Carnegie Museum. These crabs, collected on the Island of Fakarava in the Tuamotus (the Lower Archipelago in the South Pacific, a French possession), were preserved through the efforts and expert care of Captain Stoehr and his crew.

Although known to science for many years, the robber crab has not yet been sufficiently studied. The most authentic knowledge has been made available to us through the brilliant publications of Waldo L. Schmitt, curator of marine invertebrates at the United States National Museum. He states that this species is the only animal known, other than man, that possesses both the skill and the strength to open the smooth, hard fruit of the cocoanut palm, which is often as large as a football.

Since these crabs are habitual climb-

ers, they are not forced to wait until the cocoanut falls to the ground in order to procure their food. It must be an amazing sight to witness a crab, which we have known perhaps only as a lowly crawler, scaling a palm trunk—often to recorded heights of sixty and seventy feet. Maintaining their balance, they soon dislodge their prize and back down the tree trunk with surprising dexterity for an animal built on such sprawling lines. On reaching the ground again, they encircle the heavily armored fruit with their powerful pincers and pry and crush until the outer covering is ripped off and the eyed end of the nut is exposed. When they succeed in penetrating to the fleshy part of the fruit, they eat the meat with the aid of their second pair of legs.

Nourished on this rich fare, the flesh of these crabs is a much sought-after delicacy among the natives. A method of capture in which the islanders show a rare degree of perspicacity is worth describing: climbing part way up the long slender trunk of the palm tree, the hunter binds several fronds to form a



band around the trunk. The retreating crab is completely deceived—feeling the banded leaves with its exploratory hind legs and assuming that the bottom has been reached, it releases its grip upon the tree and falls to earth. The stunned animal is then easily captured and the native can bind the terrible claws without fear. He rightly respects these great pincers which are capable of severing a finger in the wink of an eyelash. It is believed that a well-developed crab is a match for the wild pig, which hunts and eats them. The pig is the crab's only known natural enemy, but its rôle as victor is maintained only because it hunts in droves and not singly.

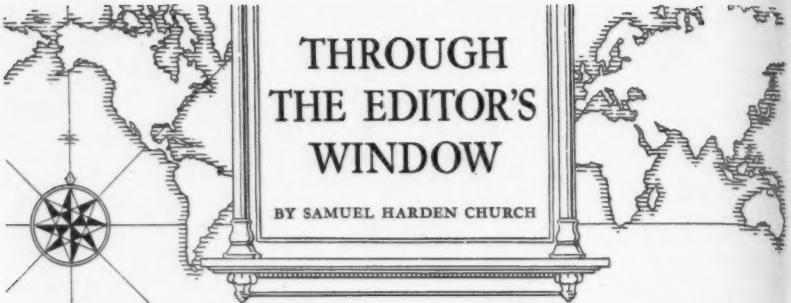
The oil contained in the crab is highly prized by the inhabitants of these southern islands, resulting in its indiscriminate destruction; hence localities formerly teeming with the species are now barren. Most of the crabs of the world are marine; and even the robber crab, although it lives on land in its adult stages, is no exception, for

it must return to the sea where its eggs are hatched. This leads us to suppose that the young live in the sea until such time as they have learned to adapt their lives to a terrestrial and arboreal existence.

Since the robber crab is limited geographically to the South Seas, those who have seen it actually pursuing its cocoanut-cracking exploits are comparatively few. Other museums possess examples—preserved or dried—in their study and exhibition collections, but the Carnegie Museum is the first to incorporate specimens in a habitat group. Harold J. Clement, of the Museum staff, has recently prepared and mounted these two crabs, placing them with great effectiveness and reality against their natural background of mangrove shrubs and palm trunks.

Mr. Mellon's thoughtfulness and generosity have made possible an important addition to the educational displays in the Gallery of Recent Invertebrates.

S. T. B.



WHO OWNS CIVILIZATION?

ENGLAND is at this moment planning against a threatened air attack which would, if not defeated, destroy all the historic buildings of her majestic capital—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Parliament edifice, besides the homes of her people.

Italy is in like manner planning against a possible air attack which would, if effected, destroy all the visual glories of Rome—her Vatican, her palaces, her temples, her ancient heritage, and the shelters of her citizens.

In the last war, when the Germans began to direct the fire of their big guns upon Paris, Myron Herrick, our ambassador to France, issued a public declaration that the Cathedral of Notre Dame was reserved from attack because as an object of historic art it belonged to the whole human race. It was an audacious presumption on his part to take that course, and far beyond the limits of his diplomatic privilege; and it was influential only in a sentimental way; but he told me that although he expected to be called down good and hard from Washington, there was no other way to save that noble church from German fury; and that as a matter of fact Washington never said a word against his indiscreet act.

Is it not high time for the exercise of an international law, backed by the authority of a common agreement, possibly through the League of Nations, which shall forever make it impossible

to reduce the priceless treasures of civilization to a pile of smoking ruins?

Is it not high time for the conscience of mankind to declare that civilization and all its works are the indivisible property of the human family, and that henceforth no marauding adventurer, no matter how exalted may be his station in his own community, shall ever again be permitted to break the peace of the world and drown its soul in blood and tears?

PROFESSORS—TRUE AND FALSE

IN surrounding itself with Utopian professors who have led it into a bog of waste and confusion, the New Deal has been pitifully unfortunate in its failure to associate itself with any man who, when the wind is southerly, can tell a hawk from a handsaw. There is one man, not a Utopian, who though long since dead, might have steered the New Deal into a land of happiness if anyone had ever thought to seek his counsel; and that man is Adam Smith.

In 1776 there sprang from the brain of Adam Smith that great book, "The Wealth of Nations," a work of genius as perpetual in its revelation of economic law as the Declaration of Independence, adopted in the same year, is perpetual in its revelation of the rights of man. Neither time, nor change, nor circumstance has destroyed the profound truth of Adam Smith's discourse concerning the natural laws which, when observed by the people, promote the prosperity

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of a nation, or which, when they are broken, cause destitution and decay.

Against the present rage of the administration at Washington to confiscate the wealth of America by taxing it out of existence, and thereby destroying its income which normally should go in wages or salaries to the enrichment of all our people, we find in Adam Smith a rule of economic law which shows how such a policy can lead only to the impoverishment of the nation.

"The proportion between capital and labor, therefore," says Adam Smith, in summing up one of his unshakable arguments, "seems everywhere to regulate the proportion between industry and idleness. Wherever capital predominates, industry prevails; wherever revenue, idleness. Every increase or diminution of capital, therefore, naturally tends to increase or diminish the real quantity of industry, the number of productive hands, and consequently, the exchangeable value of the annual produce of the land and labor of the country, the real wealth and revenue of all its inhabitants."

And when the administration tells us that spending will restore prosperity, while saving will lock up our wealth to our own exhaustion, the great Scotch philosopher says this: "Capital is increased by parsimony and diminished by prodigality and misconduct. Whatever a person saves from his revenue he adds to his capital and either employs it himself in maintaining an additional number of productive hands, or enables some other person to do so by lending it to him for an interest—that is, for a share of the profits. As the capital of an individual can be increased only by what he saves from his annual revenue or his annual gains, so the capital of a society, which is the same with that of all the individuals who compose it, can be increased only in the same manner. Parsimony, and not industry, is the immediate cause of the increase of capital."

Here we have it. Money saved by "parsimony" is loaned out by the

bankers—yes, by the bankers!—for the creation of more wealth through the acquirement of capital goods; while money squandered in a hundred desperate schemes to start a false recovery is a sacrifice of the substance of the people which will leave our children's children to feed upon this Dead Sea fruit of ignorance and audacity for the next half century.

WHY HAVE A CONSTITUTION?

THOMAS PAINE was a great thinker, a great leader, and a great patriot in the American Revolution, and George Washington was glad to count him always a loyal friend. Paine hated superstition in religion, and declared his opinions so emphatically that he has ever since been disparaged as an atheist. But when he had gone to France to promote liberty there and, after having been elected a member of the French general assembly, was arrested and found himself in the shadow of the guillotine, he translated "The Age of Reason" into French, with this statement of his purpose and belief:

"The people of France were running headlong into atheism, and I had the work translated into their own language to stop them in that career, and fix them to the first article of every man's creed who has any creed at all—I believe in God."

While in prison and hourly expecting execution, his attention was drawn to a pamphlet by Edmund Burke inveighing against written constitutions. Burke's argument led Paine to compose his book, "The Rights of Man," which won for itself a tremendous influence in Europe; and in that work he speaks thus in favor of a written constitution as a bulwark against the will of a tyrant:

"But it will be first necessary to define what is meant by a constitution. It is not sufficient that we adopt the word; we must fix also a standard signification to it. A constitution is not a thing in name only, but in fact.

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It has not an ideal but a real existence; and wherever it cannot be produced in a visible form, there is none. A constitution is a thing antecedent to a government, and a government is only the creature of a constitution. The constitution of a country is not the act of its government, but of the people constituting a government. It is the body of elements to which you can refer and quote article by article; and which contains the principles on which the government shall be established, the manner in which it shall be organized, the powers it shall have, the mode of elections, the duration of parliaments, or by what other name such bodies may be called; the powers which the executive part of the government shall have; and in fine, everything that relates to the complete organization of a civil government, and the principles on which it shall act, and by which it shall be bound. A constitution, therefore, is to a government what the laws made afterwards by that government are to a court of judicature. The court of judicature does not make the laws, neither can it alter them; it only acts in conformity to the laws made: and the government is in like manner governed by the constitution."

All tyranny begins with benevolent intentions, and ends where we see it in Russia, in Italy, and in Germany. In exact proportion as a chief of state ignores the provisions of a written constitution, so will the liberties of the people be brushed aside in a general scheme of betterment which must always have its finish in confusion and disaster.

THE VISION OF HOPE

The man who does not hope for better things, and does not believe that better things can be brought about, is not the man likely to bring better things about. . . . Pessimism is productive of paralysis and stagnation.

—WILLIAM H. TAFT

It is not from materialism that our democracy is in danger so much as from misguided idealism.

—ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

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